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OLD WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, ABOUT 1840.

FOURTH PAPER IN CONTINUATION.

BY MRS. E. O. P. STURGIS.

PRIIVATELY PRINTED.

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In Exchange
Amer. Ant. Soc.
25.3.1907

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By MRS. E. O. P. STURGIS.
From Proceedings of Worcester Society of Antiquity.

List of previous papers by the same writer, printed by the Worcester Society of Antiquity:—

Old Time Cattle Show. Bulletin of Worcester Society of Antiquity, page 104, Vol. XVI., 1898.

Extracts from Old Worcester Letters, Vol. XVI., 1899, page 557.

Old Lincoln Street. Bygone days in Worcester. 1900, Vol. XVII., page 123.

A Story of three Old Houses. Residences of Hon. Levi Lincoln. Proceedings, Vol. XVII., 1900, page 134.

Old Worcester, No. 1, Vol. XVII., page 402, 1901. Lincoln Square, Main and Front Streets. Prominent houses and their occupants.

Old Worcester, No. 2, Vol. XVII., page 413, 1901. Main and Pleasant Streets. Buildings and notable people residing there.

Old Worcester, No. 3, Vol. XVII., page 470, 1901. Main Street residences. The Second Parish (Unitarian) Church and its parishioners, during the pastorates of Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft and Rev. Dr. Alonzo Hill. The Gardiner Chandler House and the House of Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft.

WORCESTER, MASS.:
PRESS OF CHARLES HAMILTON,
No. 311 MAIN STREET.
1902.

OLD WORCESTER. IV.

(Continued).

CHESTNUT STREET, ABOUT 1840.

ON Chestnut street, facing Pearl street, there stood a large handsome house painted white, with an extensive garden connected with it, owned and occupied by Mr. Francis H. Kinnicutt, with his wife and six children. He was the younger brother of Judge Kinnicutt, and had married Miss Parker, a niece of Hon. Levi Lincoln, having been engaged first to her elder sister, Martha, whose death prevented their union. Mr. Kinnicutt was a hardware merchant, and occupied a store in "Paine's Block," on the corner of Main and Walnut streets. Miss Sarah Parker, a younger sister of Mrs. Kinnicutt, formed a part of her family, and in this house was married to Mr. Joseph Mason.

The next house on the north was occupied by Mr. Clarendon Harris and his wife, who was Miss Charlotte Thayer, but later by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gale, Mr. Harris having built a cottage on Elm Street for his own use, nearly opposite to what is now the "Jonas Clark" estate. Mr. Harris, when I recall him, kept a small store on the west side of Main street, where he sold stationery, a few books, and the usual matters pertaining to such a business.

On the corner of Chestnut and Elm streets there stood a large handsome wooden house, occupied by Judge Pliny Merrick, one of the most prominent lawyers in the "County of Worcester." At an earlier date however, he lived on the eastern side of Main street, near Thomas street. I am igno-

rant if the “Merrick Family” were indigenous to Worcester or not, but beside the Judge there were two brothers, one, Francis T., and Thornton, who married Miss Rebecca Curtis, a sister of Mrs. Dr. John Green, and two sisters, one the wife of Mr. Henry W. Miller, and another married to Mr. Samuel Allen, the father of Mrs. S. F. Haven,— all of whom were residents of Worcester at the same period. Judge Merrick was appointed one of the Supreme Court judges in 1853, and held the office until 1864. The latter years of Judge Merrick were spent in Boston, he having moved to that city on his elevation to the “Bench of the Supreme Court.” Probably the most important case which Judge Merrick ever engaged in, was that of the “Webster” murder case; he defending Dr. John W. Webster, though ineffectually, from the result of his crime of murdering Dr. George Parkman.

Judge Merrick married Miss Mary Thomas, the daughter of Isaiah Thomas, and granddaughter of Dr. Isaiah Thomas who was styled “one of the most patriotic and public spirited citizens of Worcester during and after the Revolutionary War.” Dr. Thomas was a native of Boston, born January 19, 1749, and was appointed postmaster in Worcester in 1775, holding the office for many years. On July 14, 1776, he read to the people in front of the porch of “The Old South Meeting House” the “Declaration of Independence.” He was the first president of the “American Antiquarian Society,” and presented not only his valuable library to it, but gave gifts in money and built the hall which it formerly occupied on Summer street. John Hancock and Samuel Adams were living in Worcester when Dr. Thomas moved there with *The Spy*, and possibly it was owing to their influence and encouragement that he was enabled to publish it in that town, they hoping perhaps that its teachings would “stem the tide” and counteract in some degree the royalist sentiment which at that period pervaded not only the town, but the “County of Worcester.” *The Spy or The American Oracle of Liberty*

was the first newspaper published in Worcester, although it had been established in Boston some years earlier.¹

Dr. Thomas built a house, for those days an elegant mansion, on the ground where the "New Court House" now stands, "the building containing his printing press standing just south of it," and here he passed the closing days of his life, dying in 1831, at the age of eighty-two years, "the most distinguished citizen of Worcester." "Dr. Thomas as well as Dr. Bancroft wore in the street long grey stockings, knee buckles, small-clothes and the capacious coat so fashionable among gentlemen in the beginning of the century, and he was one of the last to appear in the street in that costume."

Judge and Mrs. Merrick had no children, but a niece of the latter, Miss Caroline Crocker, made her home with her aunt a part of the year, for the purpose of attending school in Worcester. Mrs. Merrick was a most estimable woman, and one much respected by her friends and acquaintances, and after her removal to Boston, her house was frequented by some of the most agreeable and noted people in the city, the legal element naturally predominating.

On the northwestern corner of Elm and Chestnut streets there was as now a large open lot, belonging to the fine estate of the late S. M. Burnside, who moved from Main Street more than fifty years since, and was one of the first people to build in this part of the town. His former home was a large old fashioned house, on the east side of Main street, built of wood and painted white, with a large garden in the rear, and here the eldest of the family, a daughter, died more than sixty years since. Mrs. Burnside was a sister of the late Mr. Alfred D. Foster, who, following in the footsteps of his brother-in-law, migrated from Main street and built the next house to his on Chestnut street. Mr. Foster's house on Main street was built of brick, and finally became a hotel. All of the Foster family with one exception have now passed away.

¹ The first number of *The Spy* published in Worcester is dated May 3, 1775.

The late Francis H. Dewey built a house beyond there going north, and here my knowledge of Chestnut street ends. I remember very little about the lower part of Elm street. Mr. H. B. Claffin, who kept a dry goods store in the town, lived near the foot of the street, near Main (until he moved to New York), as did also Mr. Henry K. Newcomb, who married Miss Stiles, a sister of Mrs. A. D. Foster. On the southeastern corner of Elm and Chestnut streets, Mr. Francis T. Merrick had a house, with a garden extending down the street. He was at one period president of the Citizens' Bank, and was the father of the late Mrs. D. W. Lincoln, and in this house she was married. On the northern side of Elm street, Dr. Workman lived, above "The Church of the Unity," and there may have been other buildings there, but I cannot recall them.¹

Passing the "Corner Lot," as it was called, on the corner of Elm and Chestnut streets, one came to a small wooden house built by Gov. Levi Lincoln for his own use, pending the building of his larger house farther west. Though small in extent, this was a pretty, attractive place, with a garden on the eastern side and a stable in the rear of the house. Mr. F. H. Kinnicutt occupied this house after Gov. Lincoln left it, and finally it became the property of the late George W. Richardson, who lived here with his wife and two children. Mr. Richardson came from Watertown, where he had married Miss Lucy White, a sister of the first Mrs. James Russell Lowell, and began the practice of law in Worcester. Both Mr. and Mrs. Richardson died some years since, but the two children are still living, though away from their birthplace. A large garden extended from here to the residence of the late Levi Lincoln, now occupied by his grandson.

When Governer Lincoln first occupied his new house there was an unobstructed view of the country as far as "Newton Hill," but gradually the "Old Sever Farm" was

¹ Between the Church of the Unity and Dr. Workman's were the residences of Calvin Foster and Mason H. Morse.

sold in lots, building having been given an impetus by Gov. Lincoln moving so far out of town as it seemed at that period, and soon it was covered with houses. On the southern side of Elm street, after passing the house of Judge Merrick, the first building I recall was the cottage of Mr. Clarendon Harris, almost opposite Mr. Richardson's house. When Mr. A. H. Bullock married he lived in a small house on this side of the street, to the east however of the large house he built at a later date, now occupied by his son. Some time about 1840, Charles Paine built a house nearly opposite that of Governor Lincoln, but a little more to the west of it, and here he brought his first wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Ferguson, who died in 1842. Henry Paine, a twin brother of Charles, also died there in 1844. Some way over the hill Mr. Gardiner Paine had built a house on the corner of West and Elm Streets, and here he died in 1854, leaving a wife and two children. In this vicinity, but farther to the west, on Pleasant street, Mr. Daniel Waldo Lincoln lived on a farm. He was the third son of the Governor, and was interested in horticultural pursuits, owning green houses, *etc.*, and was one of the first persons in the country to grow and exhibit the great Victoria water lily. He was born in Worcester in 1813 and married in 1841 Miss Frances F. Merrick, daughter of Francis T. Merrick. In 1863 and 1864 he was Mayor of Worcester, and at a later date became president of the Boston and Albany Railroad, which office he held at the time of his death. I do not remember the year, but some time early in the forties, in company with a party of young people of both sexes, I went one evening, by invitation, to the "Lincoln Farm," which in those days seemed far out of town, to a "Husking Bee," a form of entertainment which I presume is now obsolete in Worcester. We sat on piles of hay on the floor of the large barn and husked corn all the evening, but how the barn was lighted I cannot recall. I remember I was the only one of the company who found a "red ear." After our work was finished we adjourned to the

house, where we had a supper appropriate to the occasion, consisting of apples, nuts, raisins, *etc.*, and no doubt there was cider to drink, though I do not remember it. I fancy this gathering must have been a sort of housewarming, for handsome George Lincoln was there, and he died in 1847, and had been away from Worcester some time before that event. So the last "husking bee" in Worcester, as I suppose, took place nearly sixty years ago !

I remember very little about the Pleasant street of fifty or sixty years ago, and know nothing of its present condition. On the right-hand side, Judge Paine's land extended a long way up the street, and on the opposite one, that belonging to the "Nazro House." On the northern side at the top of the street was a small house in which lived Mrs. Stiles and her two daughters, the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Stiles. There was another daughter, Mrs. Wood, who lived on School street. After the hill was cut down, the access to this house was by means of a steep flight of wooden steps, it having formerly stood near the sidewalk. There may have been houses beyond here, but if so I cannot recall the fact.

A short distance from Pleasant street going south, one came to the hill corresponding to "Court Hill," on the north part of Main street. I am not aware if this elevation was given any distinctive name, except that it was called either "Nobility Hill," or "Mt. Pisgah," but the "why and the wherefore" of these designations I am ignorant. The Chandler house stood at the point where the land began to rise from Main street, and next was the fine old mansion of Mr. Benjamin Butman, standing far back from the roadway, built and occupied by him after leaving the Chandler house, which he had bought in 1818. In or near the year 1822, he moved into his new house.

Mr. and Mrs. Butman, with his niece Miss Ferguson, who later married Mr. Charles Paine, with an adopted son and daughter, composed the family. George Butman married

Miss Mary Dowley, daughter of Levi A. Dowley, and died many years ago, having outlived his wife. When Mr. Butman left this house, Dr. Joseph Sargent bought it, and lived in it until the march of improvement caused it to be moved elsewhere. I do not remember in what order the next three houses came, but one, a fine, large wooden house, with end to the street, the entrance being on the north side, which was reached by a pathway from the front, was owned and occupied by Mr. George Tilly Rice, with his wife and two sons.

Mrs. Rice was Miss Elizabeth Chandler Blake, daughter of Hon. Francis Blake of Worcester. Mr. Rice was born in 1796 and died in 1867. He was a merchant, and president of the Worcester and Nashua R. R. Mrs. Rice outlived her husband some years and died in the house on Elm street, which she built after his death.

One of these three houses belonged to Mr. John Milton Earle, and the other to Mr. Anthony Chase, and both were occupied by them and their families. These gentlemen were Quakers and men much respected in the town of Worcester, where their descendants are still living. Mr. John Milton Earle was much interested in horticultural pursuits and prominent in the annual exhibitions of the Horticultural Society. There was still another house in this vicinity, but I cannot recall who lived in it. The last house on the hill, situated just as the road joined Main street, was owned and occupied by Dr. John Park with his wife and two daughters. Miss Louisa, the elder of the two was an authoress of some repute, she having written and published a novel. She married Rev. Dr. Edward Hall of Providence, the father of Rev. Edward H. Hall, at one time pastor of the "Second Parish." Miss Mary Ann Park married Hon. B. F. Thomas. Dr. Park moved to Worcester in 1831, from Boston, where he had established a school for young ladies in Mt. Vernon street. After their daughters were married, Dr. and Mrs. Park moved to the "Worcester House," where Dr. Park died in

1852. Mrs. Park survived him some years. The "Worcester House," which was formerly the home of Gov. Levi Lincoln, is now I understand called the "Lincoln House." It was much enlarged when it became a hotel, and was the home at one time of a number of Worcester families, to say nothing of those who lived there from time to time as their business or pleasure called them to Worcester. Public and private parties, receptions and dinners were given there, and cotillon parties were held during one winter, every fortnight, in the large dining hall. Many law students also made the "Worcester House" their home. It is a difficult matter when a person has been living away from a place for more than fifty years as I have been, to remember details concerning people I formerly knew, and places, and houses with which I was once so familiar. I have no doubt that with the best intentions to be accurate in my account of "Old Worcester" I have made many mistakes. My attention has been called to two misstatements I have made regarding Mrs. Spooner, but I "told the tale as it was told to me."

This unfortunate lady was not a relative of my father's family, but she was closely connected with it, for her sister, Miss Elizabeth Ruggles, married Mr. Gardiner Chandler (son of John Chandler), who was first cousin to my grandfather, Dr. William Paine, and I have no doubt that these Worcester County families were on intimate terms, for they sympathized in their political opinions, being faithful adherents to the "British Crown." When a child, I often used to hear the story of Mrs. Spooner, and was told that she was executed on "Millstone Hill," and that her grave was in the woods opposite Dr. Paine's house.¹ I was also told that she was confined during her trial in the "old prison," in Lincoln square. Having no knowledge that there had

¹ Mrs. Spooner with the three other accomplices on the crime were executed upon a knoll which existed nearly upon the site of the Union Station. She was buried in the garden of the A. H. Green estate on Green Hill.

ever been a jail on that spot prior to the one I remembered and knew on the south side of the square, I naturally supposed this jail was the one referred to by my elders, when I listened to the story of Mrs. Spooner and her unhappy fate.

As regards the Daniel Waldo house,— by using the word “double” in describing it, I had no intention of conveying the idea that it was two houses under one roof. I remember it perfectly well, and that it was a large square brick house with rooms on each side of the front door. It may not be correct to use the word “double” in reference to such a building, but it is not infrequently used to designate a house built like the Waldo Mansion.

There is a house in Washington similar to the Waldo house, formerly occupied by a Secretary of State, and I have noticed recently in a letter from a Washington correspondent to a Boston newspaper, that he refers to this house in connection with its present occupants as “a large double house.” When Daniel Waldo, Sr., moved to his new house, he used the south part of the lower story for the business of The Worcester Bank, he being its first president.

PEARL STREET AND ITS VICINITY, ABOUT 1840.

As the inhabitants of Worcester increased greater demands were made for business facilities, and to attain that end a brick block of stores, handsome for those days, had been erected covering the whole space of ground on Main street between Elm and Pearl streets, and in consequence the house formerly standing on this spot and occupied by Mr. Calvin Willard had been moved round the south corner into Pearl street, thus forming one of the first buildings on this thoroughfare. With few exceptions my memory fails me as to the occupants of the new building, but at the northern end on the corner of Elm and Main streets, one flight up, Dr. Blood the dentist had an office, and about midway in the block in the third story a gentleman by the name of

Phipps had opened a girl's school, which I attended. On the southern corner was a store occupied by Messrs. William and Albert Brown, merchant tailors, men much respected in the town. The firm was an old one—how old I cannot say,—but it was in existence in 1830, for Mr. C. C. Baldwin in his "Diary" mentions that he bought "a new green coat" of them in that year. This store was as favorably situated as was the old "Citizens' Bank," to observe the comings and goings of the citizens of the small town of that day, and if all reports were true gentlemen living in that part of Worcester were wont to "drop in" there on their way home at noon and the latter part of the day to hear what was going on in the town, and to interchange opinions on matters of public or private import. Over the Browns' store were lawyers' offices and their signs quite covered that end of the building. Mr. Willard continued to reside in his house after it had been transplanted, but when he left it Dr. Joseph Sargent occupied it. He was, I think, a Leicester man, and had recently returned from Paris, where he had been pursuing his medical studies, and was now ready to advise any patients who might entrust themselves to his care. He married Miss Emily Whitney of Cambridge, and remained in this house until he moved into the "Deacon Butman" house on the southern end of Main street.

Next to the Sargent house,¹ Mr. Albert Brown had built a small wooden one² for his own use, or so I am told, for I cannot recall it.

Beyond this house going west was a brick block of two houses. The eastern one was occupied by Mrs. Denny, with her daughters, and one grandchild, she having moved here from her house on the corner of Main and Mechanic streets, "in the south part of which one of her daughters, Miss Elizabeth Denny, kept a store for the sale of the finer class of dry goods, ladies' fine shoes, &c." Miss Mary Denny

¹ On Pearl street. ² A two-story house.

married her uncle of the same name as herself, who lived in Leicester, but as this marriage was not legal in Massachusetts, they were obliged to go to Connecticut to have the ceremony performed, and I believe they made their home in Norwich in that State.

Miss Harriet Denny was engaged to Mr. William Lincoln, a younger brother of the late Gov. Levi Lincoln, but his death severed the relation. She at a later date married Colonel Nahum Ward, a native of Shrewsbury, but at this time a resident of Marietta, Ohio, he having at an earlier date settled in the western country.

I am reminded, for I do not recollect the circumstance, that he brought a mummy from the Mammoth Cave to the American Antiquarian Society, and that Mr. Samuel Jenison wrote a poem on the subject, which was published in the *Worcester Spy*, the first two lines being —

“Just arrived from Kentucky
Colonel Ward and his Ducky.”

Miss Caroline Denny, the granddaughter, married Dr. John Tyler, who was for many years the head of the McLean Asylum for the Insane, but she only lived a few years after that event. There was a brother, Mr. Austin Denny, but if he was an inmate of his mother's house, I cannot recall the fact.

“All the ladies are out but me,” was the answer I received one day at the door when I called on my schoolmate Miss Caroline Denny; an amusing incident which I only mention as an illustration of the simple ways of the “Yankee Help” of those days.

In the other part of the block lived Dr. Smalley, a clergyman of the orthodox persuasion, and pastor of the Union Church, which stood on Front street, next to the house occupied at one time by Mr. Rejoice Newton; at a much earlier date however than when the church was built. The family consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Smalley and their son

George, who for many years lived in London, as correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and who made for himself a good position in "London Society." For the last few years he has resided in New York, acting as correspondent of the *London Times*. He has also written a book, composed of sketches of people of note whom he had met while in Europe, and in which he gives an interesting account of Mr. Gladstone's famous "Mid-Lothian" campaign, of which he formed a part in some official capacity.

In the next house above dwelt Mr. Emory Washburn, with his wife and children; a lawyer by profession, and a man of genial, pleasant manners. He married Miss Giles of Walpole, N. H., a well educated, agreeable woman, with conversational powers of no mean order, who made her house a pleasant resort for her guests both old and young. Miss Giles, a sister of Mrs. Washburn, formed a part of the household. Mr. Washburn was one of that group of lawyers in Worcester who made the "Worcester Bar" so famous, for there was none more so outside of Suffolk County. Judge Barton, Pliny Merrick, B. F. Thomas, Charles Allen, Emory Washburn and others of lesser note in their profession, were renowned all over the State for their legal learning, and the young women of those days were largely indebted to this fact, for law students came from far and wide and filled the offices of these lawyers in order to be initiated into the intricacies of the legal profession. There were always plenty of young men in society for partners at balls and parties.

Mr. Emory Washburn was born in Leicester in 1800, graduated from Williams College and studied law at Harvard. In 1828, he went to Worcester and for some years was the law partner of "Honest" John Davis. He held a variety of public offices, being at different periods State Senator and Representative to the General Court, aid on Governor Lincoln's staff from 1830 to 1834; Judge of the "Court of Common Pleas," so called formerly, but later "The Superior

Court"; and was elected Governor of the State of Massachusetts in 1854, being called "the last Whig Governor of Massachusetts." Finally he was made "Dane Professor" in the Law School at Harvard, holding the same office until 1876 when he resigned. Governor Washburn made his home in Cambridge the latter part of his life, and died there in 1877. Mrs. Washburn survived her husband for many years, having passed away not long since. Of the four children of Governor and Mrs. Washburn, three sons and one daughter, only the latter survived their parents.

Among the prominent law students who came to Worcester at the time to which I refer, was the late Francis H. Dewey, son of Judge Dewey of Northampton.

Passing up the street one comes to a large wooden mansion painted white, with the end to the street, on the east side of which was a piazza from which one entered the house. The garden extended down to the Washburn premises. Here lived Hon. Thomas Kinnicutt, a native of Warren, R. I., born in 1800, and who died in Worcester in 1858. He was a lawyer by profession, at one period Speaker of the State House of Representatives and Judge of Probate for the County of Worcester. He married Harriet Paine Burling, my kinswoman, for we were both great grandchildren of Judge Timothy Paine and Sarah Chandler his wife, who was born in 1805 and died in 1838. She was the first person to be buried in the Rural Cemetery. There were three children, two sons and one daughter, the latter and one son outliving their parents.¹

In the last house of all on the northern side of Pearl street lived Mr. Henry W. Miller. He was a hardware merchant, and his store in my time was the one in the southern end of Granite Block, on Main street. In May, 1829, according to the Diary of Mr. C. C. Baldwin, from which I quote, "Henry W. Miller of the firm of Rice & Miller of

¹ Mr. Washburn was a Councillor of the American Antiquarian Society for twenty-eight years.

this town, married Miss Nancy Merrick, sister of Pliny Merrick. Do not attend the wedding." There were two daughters of this marriage, one the wife of the senior Senator of Massachusetts, and the other the late Mrs. W. W. Rice. Mr. Miller married for his second wife a Boston lady by the name of Andrews, both have died within a few years; and his son-in-law Senator Hoar wrote and published in one of the Worcester newspapers an appreciative notice of him.

Passing over to the southern side of Pearl street, was the house of Mr. William Brown, the first one who lived there with his wife and daughter, Miss Fanny Brown. Next came the house of Mr. Samuel Jennison ; his wife and five children composing the household. This building was, though on a smaller scale, almost the counterpart of that of Judge Kinnicutt's opposite, the garden reaching down the street as did his. The youngest daughter married a son of Judge Barton, and died many years since, but the three older ones are still living. Samuel Jennison, Jr., has died very recently, having outlived his wife, who was Miss Mary Thaxter of Watertown, many years. He was very musical and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of his sister's friends by singing German songs to them at the social gatherings of the young people at the house. Mr. Jennison, the elder, was librarian of the American Antiquarian Society from 1814 to 1825, and for twenty-eight years its treasurer. He was also for many years cashier of the Worcester Bank, "the gentle and genial cashier," as he was styled. Now my memory fails me, but I am told that at the end of Mr. Jennison's garden stood a small wooden house occupied at one time by Mr. William Cross. The next house going east was a square wooden building, painted white, and here in 1845 Miss Lucretia Bancroft, the ninth child of Dr. Aaron Bancroft and his wife Lucretia, opened a boarding and day school for young ladies. Prior to this occupancy however, Mrs. Phelps kept a boarding-house here, and her son Henry, who was a clerk in the dry goods store of Mr. H. B. Clafin,

married Miss Burt, a daughter of Mr. Simeon Burt. Among the scholars at Miss Bancroft's school were two daughters of Mr. Welcome Farnum of Blackstone, Mass., a rich manufacturer, whose residential village went by the name of "Farnumsville." Soon after the opening of the school, Miss Bancroft became Mrs. Farnum, and Mr. H. G. O. Blake took possession with Mrs. Blake, of the school. The latter died in 1846, and I suppose this event caused the school to come to an end. The next I heard or recall of this house, was that rooms were let in it to young men, and it was styled "The Bower," but of the origin of this designation I am ignorant. Mrs. Farnum passed the latter years of her life in Europe with her nephew, Mr. George Davis, who had married his cousin, Miss Clara Gherardi. After the death of Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, Mrs. Farnum left Germany, where she was then residing, to come home to be with her brother in his declining years, but as fate would have it, she died on the passage, so near her destination most happily that she was not buried at sea ; but being brought to Worcester was, after funeral services being performed in her father's old church, laid at rest with her kindred in Rural Cemetery.

There was one more house before reaching Main street, but I remember very little about it except that it was occupied at one time by Doctor Bates, with his family. Heywood's dry goods store stood on the corner of Main and Pearl. Does anyone know from what circumstance this street derived the name of "Pearl," one of no significance, and why it was not named as other streets in its vicinity were, such as Maple, Walnut, Elm, and Chestnut, for some of our native trees?

SOME FACTS CONCERNING COLORED PEOPLE AND DOMESTIC SERVICE IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WORCESTER.

WHEN I was a child there was quite a colony of colored people living in a part of Worcester called "Pine Meadow,"

and I think we may assume that it was composed of the descendants of slaves which were owned by the inhabitants of that town during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

I read that on "November 29th, 1767, the Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty married 'Cumberland and Dinah' negro servants to Gardiner Chandler."

"On November 24th, 1771, Dido, negro servant to John Chandler, was married to Cato, negro servant to Adam Walker." In 1784, Ann Chandler, widow of Sheriff Chandler, before a Justice of the Peace, prays for allowance for supporting Sylvia, negro woman, one year and one-half, from June, 1782, to January, 1784, £23 8s.

The *Worcester Spy* of May, 1805, says "Died in this place Sylvia, a female African, supposed to be at least 105 years old." "Mrs. Eliza (Bancroft) Davis says that she well remembers old Sylvia, who made it her pleasure to attend young children, and she recalls what was said of her age, for she made at the age of fourteen a shroud for the old woman when she was just one hundred years older than herself."

This slave seems originally to have belonged in the family of John Chandler, the father of Sheriff Chandler, for when his second wife died, she left this woman to the care of Mrs. Timothy Paine, being included as part of her assets, in the division of her property. I quote the following, "In this Chandler Family there had been a slave, called in 1803 and 1804, Old Aunt Sylvia, and at that time she was 107 years old and perhaps 114." "When the Hon. James Putnam fled from Worcester during the Revolution, he left behind him a negro man." Mrs. Lucretia Bancroft in a letter refers to an old colored cook in her father's family. Judge Timothy Paine seems to have owned slaves, for when he had his wig knocked off on the occasion of his forced resignation of the office of Mandamus Councillor, he refused to replace it or again wear one, but presented it "to one of his slaves called Worcester."

So we may suppose that the two families mentioned above were not the only people who were slaveholders in Worcester in former days, and that later, in a free State, the slaves increased and multiplied. The first colored or mulatto woman whom I remember in Worcester was Mrs. John Rich, a most excellent person, who went out to cook dinners on special occasions, such as Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. She was always dressed in the cleanest of calico dresses, with a bright colored plaid handkerchief on her shoulders and one round her head. She was well to do, and I think owned her house in the town, where she lived with her husband. She was small in stature and a particularly neat looking little body. When the lots in the Rural Cemetery were first sold, she bought one, but when she died there was quite a difference of opinion among those in authority as to allowing her to be buried there. Finally the question was settled in her favor, though not without some strong opposite opinions being expressed on the subject.

Another colored woman whom I recall was Mrs. Vanvac-
ter, a laundress by profession, who, to use an expression common among her fraternity, "washed" for the Supreme Court Judges when they were in Worcester, it being perfectly understood however, that the work was done in the different houses where she washed by the day. The washing she could manage easily, and not be detected in so doing but the ironing was another affair, so she would do it when the family were at dinner, or later in the day when she felt secure from interruption.

When the Supreme Court was in session if the people employing her, examined their clothes lines critically they would be sure to find some of Chief Justice Shaw's voluminous shirts flapping in the wind. At our house one day she burned the ruffles on one of his shirt bosoms off, but folded it up carefully and shaking with laughter said, "He won't find it out until he gets home." This woman was as black as the ace of spades but held herself to be above her race,

and when a hall was arranged so the colored people could go to meeting by themselves, she tossed her head in the air and said, "I am not going to church with niggers," in answer to an inquiry as to her intentions in the matter. This woman was a "character," and a source of great amusement to the children in the family. Then there was a couple of mulattoes John Morey and wife, most respectable worthy people, he a barber by profession who, it was said, always went to bed every night with clothes pins on their noses, to get them in good shape. John Angier was another colored man whom everybody knew, but was not a shining light in the community. He married Mary, the slave girl whom Mrs. Rose had brought from Antigua, and who found to her cost that slavery under her gentle mistress was far preferable to being the hard-worked wife of this worthless negro.

Does any one in Worcester remember "Sam," for I never heard of his having any other name, who was a Washington negro, a bright capable young man, who used to come and go between Washington and Worcester, with Mr. and Mrs. John Davis when the former was in the Senate. Mrs. Davis used to give a most amusing account of the way she managed when any of her Washington friends came to visit her. In those days a good cook in a house was an impossibility, and perhaps having in her kitchen only an ignorant Yankee woman, who had not the faintest ideas even of the rudiments of cooking, she had to trust to "Sam" for everything in that department. She would instruct Mr. Davis to have a vehicle at the door as soon as he conveniently could after breakfast, to take their guests for a drive, and begging him to keep them out as long as possible. As soon as they were out of sight, she would put on a working dress, and descending to the kitchen, would prepare the dinner, and set every thing in train, knowing that "Sam" could cook it, take it up and bring it to the dining-room in proper order. Then she would dress again and be ready to receive her

guests on their arrival. Then after the dinner was served and eaten the company would congratulate her on having such an excellent cook. And no doubt the cooking was good, for all the members of the "Chandler Family" knew what good eating was, and were learned in culinary lore. One of the family many years ago was said to have died from eating too much succotash, not the dish generally known by that name, but a far richer compound, composed of chicken, salt pork, corn and beans, of which modern cooks have no idea of making. Miss Mary Bancroft's "Huckleberry Pudding" was famous, and in an ancient receipt book, I see her name marked against the receipt for it.

One of the queer characters I recall in Worcester was a man named "Fay," a carpenter by trade, who used to come to the house to do odd jobs in his line and to make sleds for the children. He was a poet also, and used to bring his effusions to the house for us to read. One poem he addressed to the blue eyes of my grandmother, which was acknowledged in a handsome and substantial way, as I suppose he intended it should be. He lived somewhere in the rear of the "Baptist Meeting House," which stood on a street leading from Front to Park street, and in those days on the top of the hill.

On the lower part of this roadway, near Front street, used to stand an old yellow barn, in which was kept the town hearse, a very different looking vehicle from those now in use. A story used to be told that some of the early Chandlers of youthful age, brought it out one night, when in an uproarious mood, and drove all over the village perched on the top of it; a story perhaps as apocryphal as the one of their roasting and basting with butter and flour a Bible on one occasion, but which may be true, for some of the young men of this family one hundred years and more ago were from all accounts inclined to convivial pastimes. In "old times," there was a class of people in New England, of whom there are very few left. They were not servants in the modern

acceptation of the term, but to use an old fashioned phrase, they were "The Help" in the family and often the standbys of the household. In a case of emergency "The Help" did not stop to consider what "her work was." The household machinery was out of order, and that was enough. The matter rectified, she returned to what she had in hand at the moment. It might be the tending of the baby, baking bread or doing the family mending. Her duties were various, and she was an adept at them all. It was not unusual in former days for young American girls to enter a family, not with the idea of "bettering themselves" the next week if opportunity offered, but to make it their home until they married, and often they remained until death severed the relation. Twenty, thirty, forty years was a term of service not uncommon, and in one case I knew of, the half-century was nearly rounded out. The joys and sorrows, and the interests of the family, were theirs; but no such love and devotion can be bought in these modern days, when the relation between mistress and servants is so often strained, and the latter are so constantly migrating from house to house, making the tie between them only a mercenary one.

In these later days however, these women would be entirely out of place, for with modern days come new customs, fashions and manners, and they belong to the period of great wood fires in the kitchen, before which the roasting was done in a tin kitchen, cakes baked before the coals, the pan being held up by a flat-iron, bread toasted in a toasting-iron, in front of the hot coals, great ovens in which the week's baking was done, and when we used to blow a hot coal close to a wick of an oil lamp to light it, and when we carried coals and burning sticks in an iron receptacle from one room to another to light a fire—and when after the kitchen floor had been washed up, sanded and herring-boned, and the settle had been put in place beside the hearth, then they were in their element and could "sit down with

their whole weight," as the country people would say when they had finished the week's work on a Saturday.

Formerly there was scarcely one of the old families in Worcester that had not some ancient American servant in their employ, of one or both sexes, but they have gradually passed away, for when the factories were established in New England, young girls went to work in them, and for a time there was a great dearth of servants until the Irish came to take their places. "Nine shillings" a week, or as we should now say, \$1.50, was considered good wages for a cook; and young girls were supposed to work for their clothing, and as they progressed in domestic knowledge, for seventy-five cents per week, their wages being increased in the course of time to one dollar, more or less, according to their merits. These young girls were taught to read and write, to sew, and spell, and were generally cared for by their employers. It was the custom in former days in the country for the lady of the house to go into the kitchen every morning, not only to give her directions for the day, but to prepare the dinner, to make the pudding, and to have a general oversight of domestic matters, leaving the actual cooking of the dinner to "The Help," who could do all that was needful for the simple every-day meal; but when company was coming to dine it was an anxious time for the hostess. I recall an amusing story told me by an old lady of former days. When on one occasion she expected people to dine she had prepared some young spring chickens to roast, placing their livers under their wings, and leaving them all ready for the occupant of the kitchen to cook. Feeling doubtful concerning the result of her labors, she took a look into the kitchen at the last moment, and to her consternation found the birds all in the tin kitchen, hanging legs downwards, the spit having been run through their sides, and there they were looking like little dancing-masters with their chapeaux under their arms. There was no time to be lost, so the lady went to work and sewed up

the holes, put them again on the spit in a more orthodox fashion, and doubtless the dinner went off just as well as if the chickens had been properly spitted in the first place. Mrs. Stowe gives an amusing account of "Yankee Help" in her "Punkapog Folks," a very important class of people in former days in all New England households.



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